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The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the [illegible] of Gold

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ANOTHER CHRISTMAS

By Herbert N. Casson

Another Christmas! Since the Christ was born,
So many hundred weary years have rolled;
And still our eyes have never seen the morn
Of that glad day when man is more than gold.

Another Christmas! Yet good will and peace
Have not yet conquered all the hate and wrong;
And still the world's fierce conflicts will not cease,
And none can sing the joyous angel song.

Another Christmas! Yet the hunger-curse
Is blighting every city with its woe;
Still reigns the Herod with his heavy purse,
Still on to Calvary must the Christ-men go.

Another Christmas! Yet the temples grand
Still shield the money-changers in their plan;
While in the street the plundered people stand,
And feel the house of God is not for man.

Another Christmas! Will it never come—
That age of Love, and Honesty, and Truth?
When this dear earth shall be our happy home,
And joy shall flourish with immortal youth?

Another Christmas! Blessed be our dreams!
Our short lives wither like the leaves of June;
But still we dream of flowers and sparkling streams,
That bloom and flow in everlasting noon.

Another Christmas! Happy is that man
Who wakes to live as if his dreams were true,
And with a heart to feel and head to plan,
Goes forth for others' sake to dare and do.

BOTH GOD AND BROTHER

By James L. Smiley

Decreed by Heaven's Almighty King
That man should rise and reign;
Should break all bonds of slavery
And triumph over pain;
Should overcome the beast within,
"Let ape and tiger die;"
For this God sent His Son to earth,
Man's soul to fortify.

So wonderful this story seems,
That men its truth deny;
Some see in Christ but human-kind,
Some, only mystery.
But Faith discerns both God and Man
In Jesus Christ, the Lord.
She glories in the Carpenter
And loves the Incarnate Word.

Man's hope is bound up in this fact,
This soul-inspiring truth.
All Brotherhood is centered in
The Nazarene Youth.
When men all prejudice dismiss
And take the path Christ trod,
The Church shall find her human Lord;
The Socialist, his God.

TO PARENTS

Do not fail to call the attention of your children and young folks to the charming story and other matter in Aunt Kathryn's department "For Young Crusaders," on pages 5 and 6.

The Prince of Peace

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

By WM. H. WATTS

"And they shall call His Name Emmanuel—God With Us"—*Matt. 1: 23*

The princes of this world clatter across the stage of history mounted upon richly caparisoned horses and accoutered in all the paraphernalia of war. The brilliant colors of their costumes, the gleam of their armor and the clink of their weapons, even the cruel curbs and spurs with which they control their mounts—symbol of power—bespeak the very personification of Pride, Arrogance, Ambition, Self-glory, Force. Their pedigrees are carefully recorded for generations upon generations. The very hour and minute of their births and deaths are known with mathematical accuracy.

Not so with the Prince of Peace. He came from the working class, born in a stable, no record of his birthday, even the year in which it occurred is questionable. Only the poorest of mankind and a few burden bearing animals were present. All the circumstances and surroundings of his nativity spoke of Poverty, Humility and Service.

* * * * *

But the Prince of Peace was not without his heralds; for, according to the story, Heaven itself opened that a celestial choir might announce him with the sweetest song that a sin-sick, weary world has ever listened to:

> "Glory to God in the Highest!
> Peace on earth;
> Good-will among men!"

And strangely enough, yet most appropriately, this announcement was made to the poorest of workingmen—shepherds—the despised of the despised. Sixteen hundred years before the Children of Israel when given a refuge in Egypt were segregated because their business was "about cattle," and the Egyptians despised a shepherd. But the Prince who was born that night in Bethlehem was to make the humble care of the shepherd for his sheep the type of the truest greatness, and he who would be great among us must become "a servant unto the rest."

* * * * *

More than nineteen hundred years have rolled away since the birth of the Prince of Peace and today Christian and Moslem are tearing at each others' throats, millions of able bodied men are wasting their time and strength in martial exercises while the houses that their hands might build are represented by hovels and the clothing their hands might make is represented by rags; millions more are wasting their labor in building battleships, forging cannon and manufacturing the munitions and accoutrements of war; and such peace as we have is but "an armed truce." Millions more are wasting the blessings of Providence to make fiery liquors that destroy men's bodies, dethrone reason, and make of home a hell. More dangerous yet than war, industry maims and kills incredible numbers through preventable accidents whose only cause is greed. Vice and drunkenness shamelessly flaunt themselves in our streets, while our race literally reeks with diseases that are but the symptoms of social corruption; and clergymen, college professors and statesmen—God have mercy on their stupid souls—glibly call this "our Christian civilization."

* * * * *

Dumb Brutes Need Christian Treatment

In that stable at Bethlehem were the humble burden bearers of the animal kingdom; oxen and asses; and, as it was the stable of an inn, probably a few horses. Nearby, no doubt, were the sheepfolds. A famous painter has represented the animals kneeling in adoration of the Christ Child. Far better had he represented them as begging the Son of Man for mercy upon their kind. We are beginning to find out that we can handle the animals that serve us without the usual accompaniment of profanity and violence that has so long disgraced our treatment of them; but cruelty is all too common even now.

Our so-called "Christian civilization" is in such a hurry for profits that we can scarcely wait for an animal to die before cutting it up. Oxen are knocked on the head before bleeding; not from any motive of mercy, but merely because of their strength which would cause their struggles to delay operations. In the case of sheep it may be doubted whether the animal is insensible to pain before it is skinned. For hogs there is no pretense of mercy. They are simply jerked up by one hind leg and their throats cut.

Our meat is prepared for us by brutal, working-class savages employed by brutal, capitalist-class savages, not to prepare food for human consumption, but to earn dividends to be squandered in riotous living by the selfish beneficiaries of special privilege to whom democracy is a joke, brotherhood a sneer, and mercy and love the weakness of fools.

The cruelties of Packingtown cry out to high heaven for the coming of the Prince of Peace into His Kingdom. Some day "We the people" are going to own the packinghouses ourselves, and then we will institute a regime of mercy; for "We the people" are not an aggregation of monsters.

* * * * *

And think of the moral and economic slavery of the human animals whose lives are blasted in Packingtown!—moral and economic slavery that no government inspection or regulation, however strict, can ever ameliorate. Open Sinclair's "Jungle" again and think of the women and girls of the packing houses—amid questionable surroundings at best—compelled to submit to the advances of lecherous foremen for fear of losing the miserable pittance that stands between them and starvation; and then pause in your Christmas merriment to drop a tear and offer a prayer for the denizens of Packingtown and other sinks of social iniquity to whom Christmas is but an opportunity to forget their misery and degradation in a drunken revel.

* * * * *

Sages Worship the Prince

Let us go back to Bethlehem. The Holy Family are about to leave the village. Seven weeks have gone by. A short trip has been made to Jerusalem to present the child in the temple according to the law. Most of those who crowded the inn that first Christmas night have gone their way, and Joseph has found better quarters; probably with the carpenters' guild or union of that place.

According to the story, some wandering astrologers pass that way, looking for a great king who should have been born recently; drawn upon their quest by the appearance in the heavens of a wonderfully bright star. They have come out of that mysterious East wherein is the cradle of the race and the cradle of learning, to kneel at the cradle of the Prince of Peace.

It is very appropriate that the wisdom of the sages should do homage at that crib. A few years later and this babe, now a boy of twelve, is found discussing the relations between Israel and her God with the doctors of law and theology in a manner to compel their respect and admiration.

Again we see him standing in the shade thrown by the lofty porches of the temple preaching to a great crowd that hangs spellbound upon his wisdom and eloquence. The temple police are ordered to arrest this "miserable agitator," for the spiritual democracy that is the burden of his message has too practical an application to the selfish commercialism of this world to be tolerated. Besides that the crowd are more concerned about getting the gems of wisdom that fall from the lips of this new prophet than they are about dropping their own shekels into the temple treasury. The police themselves fall under the spell and return without their prisoner. "What is the matter? Why did you not bring the man as you were ordered to?" With the wonder of what they had heard still upon their faces, they can only reply, "Never man spake like this man."

Wisdom worshiped at his cradle, nurtured his mind, inspired his life, became incarnate in his Personality, "And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father."

* * * * *

The Ancient Street Preacher

Century after century rolls by, the ancient civilizations crumble to dust, kingdoms rise and fall, and again Wisdom appears among men. And again she comes identified with the poor and lowly, with the meek and sorrowful of earth. Not that she has been silent and unknown in all the intervening ages, but she comes now with a most insistent and urgent message—the message of economic freedom, of industrial democracy; and never has she been treated with more contemptuous disdain than now.

> **"Wisdom crieth without;**
> **She uttereth her voice in the street."**

Spurned or ignored by the professed servants of the Most High, she seeks the tongue of the unbeliever and the profane to voice her cry. Again she meets with police persecution. Courts, press and pulpit give her scant courtesy or are actually suborned against her. Take care! Ye that "sit at ease in Zion," lest having rejected Socialism ye have occasion to recall when it is too late, those terrible words of Wisdom:

> **"I also will laugh at your calamity;**
> **I will mock when your fear cometh."**

But what right have we to identify Wisdom and Socialism? What can the retainers of the Prince of Peace find in Socialism that is worthy of their respect. Among Socialists they may find much bitterness, hatred, bigotry, immorality, treachery; possibly everything to grieve the Spirit of Love and Purity and that a wicked world inevitably instills into its children. But Socialism! That is a different matter. Socialism offers him a philosophical interpretation of history, an analysis of the capitalistic system of production and distribution, and a politico-industrial program. Nothing very metaphysical about all that; nothing religious or even ethical about that, at first sight. It is as materialistic as the food we eat and the clothes we wear; yet when the devout Christian examines into it he cries out "Eureka!—I have found it." He has found the key that solves the riddle of history, and that interprets the social processes of the Creator. He has found the means to answer his own prayers, to bring to pass the Christian hope, to apply Christian ethics to civilization. He finds Socialism making "straight in the desert" of Commercialism a highway for the Prince of Peace.

* * * * *

Scientific Christian Socialism

The Socialist and especially the Christian Socialist, has reason to be merry at Christmas; for who has a better right to lay aside all care and to be happy in spite of the suffering that surrounds us than he who can join the practical purpose of the Socialist with the faith and hope of the Christian?

Scientific Socialism, taken by itself, is but an economic iceberg in an Arctic sea of philosophy. Christianity without a program is but an altar of incense in a tropical jungle of theology. Only the Christian Socialist can unite the fervor and faith of the devotee and the recluse with the cool, calculating precision of the man of science and forecast the outlines of an enduring and ethical civilization.

Then let us be merry. Hang up the holly and the mistletoe. Bring on the turkey and the pudding; and let us gather around the Christmas table, loaded with such cheer as we can afford, and let us thank the Spirit of all Good for him who took a common dining table and made it the altar of that Catholic faith in which God is a Common Father and all the races of men are gathered around the common table, children of the One Family of mankind where "there is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free."

The first Christian altar was a crib; the second was a table. We have just made a holy pilgrimage from the crib to the table, and as we go on our way let it be with a joyous determination to hasten the enthronement of the Prince of Peace; to hasten the time when there shall be no home without its Christmas cheer; to hasten the time when the spirit of Christmas shall be the spirit of the whole year.

A SOCIAL SERVICE CATECHISM

Issued by the Commission on the Church and
Social Service of the Federal Council of
the Churches of Christ in America.
National Offices, 1611 Clarendon
Building, 215 Fourth Ave.,
New York.

This Catechism has been prepared by the Literature Committee of the Federal Council Commission, consisting of Samuel Z. Batten, Walter Rauschenbusch, Jacob Riis, Graham Taylor, Harry F. Ward, Charles S. Macfarland. It is based, in the main, on the original Social Service Catechism prepared for the Social Service Commission of the Northern Baptist Convention, adapted for interdenominational use.

1. What is Social Service?

Social Service is that form of effort for man's betterment which seeks to uplift and transform his associated and community life. As such it is the social application of Christian principles, and is a new name for that spirit of philanthropy and service which is as old as Christianity.

2. What warrant is there for social service in the Scriptures?

Jesus said, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he annointed me to preach good tidings to the poor: He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

Above all is the example of Jesus himself, who went about doing good, helping the needy, adjusting the relations of men, and seeking to establish justice among men.

3. What is the fundamental idea of social service?

The idea of the kingdom of God, which in the Christian conception of things may mean much more than a human society on earth, but can never mean anything less.

4. How is social service related to other forms of Christian activity?

In the complete program of the kingdom there are four chief items: Evangelism—winning men unto Jesus Christ; missions—making the good news known to the nations; education—training lives for the kingdom and building them up in Christ-likeness; and social service—**serving the whole life of man and building a Christian social order.**

5. What is meant by social salvation?

The deliverance of human society from disease, poverty, crime, and misery; the development and perfection of the institutions of man's associated life, and the construction of a social order that is the city of God on earth.

6. What are the chief items in the social-service program?

The relief of need and distress, the prevention of poverty and crime, the provision for all of the conditions of a clean, healthy, moral and spiritual life, the creation of a social atmosphere which shall induce a right course of conduct, the adjustment of men's relations in justice and brotherhood.

7. Why should Christians be most active in social service?

For the reason that social service works in line with the Lord's Prayer, in that it seeks to create such conditions that every life can earn its daily bread, that needless temptation may be removed from men, and boys and girls may be delivered from evil.

8. What are the methods of social service?

It seeks to relieve distress and need in such ways as to help men most effectually; it also seeks to discover the causes and conditions of poverty, sickness, crime, and misery, and then to remove bad causes and conditions and create good causes and conditions; it believes that the church, the family, the school, the state are all means and agencies through which these ends may be sought.

9. Does social service seek to create another organization?

It seeks rather to aid the agencies of human uplift that now exist, to infuse into them the religious spirit, to co-operate with them in every way, and to use them as channels through which the efforts of Christian people may become effective.

10. What can one person do who is interested in social service?

He can study social conditions, help other people to see things as he sees them, seek to unite men in behalf of practical measures, join with those who are engaged in some form of helpful service, and be an active and intelligent citizen in his own community.

11. What can a pastor do to promote social service among his people?

He can be a careful student of social questions in the light of the Scriptures; he can teach and illustrate the doctrine and example of the Master, and he can arouse and organize his people in behalf of social service, and he can take a sympathetic interest in the various uplifting agencies of the community.

12. What can a church do in behalf of social betterment?

It can have one or more classes engaged in social-service study; it can have committees studying the various agencies of social uplift in the community; it can have a positive and constructive program and can organize their efforts for effective work.

13. What can be done in a united way in behalf of community betterment?

Have a Federation of the Churches, which shall secure unity of purpose and mass the conscience of the people at any one point. The Federation should have a Committee on Conciliation and Arbitration for industrial disputes; it should support all righteous and faithful officials; it should voice the conviction of the men of good will in the community. Every community should thus have in some visible form not only churches, but a united church of Christ in common service.

14. Name several immediate and practical things that can be done.

Secure for every worker one day's rest in seven; have a censorship committee of all moving-picture and other shows; equip a playground within half a mile of every home in the city; make efficient the agencies seeking to suppress gambling, the social evil, alcohol, and all habit-forming drugs; see that there is a good child-labor law and that it is enforced; have regular inspection of tenements and rooming houses; support the Juvenile Court; have a systematic canvass of the community.

15. What is the ultimate purpose of social service?

It seeks to create such a social order in the world as shall realize the Christian ideal of human society, to give each soul a true inheritance in life, to develop a perfect life in a perfect society, and to make Jesus Christ a fact in the universal life of the world.

Authorized and distributed by:

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The Federal Council Commission; Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, Ph.D., Secretary, who also represents in the Secretarial Cabinet the other co-operating denominations in the Federal Council.

Readers should also become intimately familiar with the publications of their own denominational social service agencies and of the Federal Council, which may be obtained through the above-named members of the Secretarial Cabinet.

Bibliographies and Reading Courses will be supplied on application to the above representatives.

FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE

And Notice of Constitutional Amendment

As the next session of the General Conference of the Christian Socialist Fellowship has been fixed to begin the last Wednesday in February at Chicago, it is time the **Christian Socialist** comrades were making plans to attend.

Owing to the grievous manner in which the last three Conferences have been handicapped by the limit of voting membership, especially the last one where only nine attendants were permitted to vote, thus making the Conference a ridiculous failure as a representative of the Fellowship in general, the Chicago center of the Christian Socialist Fellowship, in order to provide for a more general representation at future conferences, hereby gives notice that the following proposed amendment will be presented to the next Conference. If carried it can go into immediate effect, thus preventing anyone center from dominating the conference by providing for a larger voting body.

To amend Sec. 2 of Art. 8, so that it shall read as follows:

"The General Conference shall consist of (1) delegates elected by the organized centers upon the following basis. One delegate for each center having ten members or less, and one additional delegate for each additional ten members or major fraction thereof; (2) members of the General Executive Committee of 25; (3) District Secretaries who have been approved by a majority vote of the General Executive Committee; (4) members at large of not less than two years standing who live in a county where there is no organized center;

Provided (1) that not more than one member at large shall be recognized from any one county; (2) that no District Secretary or member of the General Executive Committee from a county where there is a center shall be recognized if that center's quota is otherwise full; and (3) that under no circumstances shall any center have more representation than one in ten or major fraction thereof as stated above.

Notice of this proposed amendment has been sent to the General Secretary for publication to the General Executive Committee of 25 as provided by the Constitution.

SOCIAL SERVICE

We urgently request everyone to read the "Social Service Catechism" on another page. While the federated churches are preaching such a message and attempting such a work there is a sure hope that they will "go on to perfection." Socialism is the ultimate of genuine Social Service.

THE CARPENTER

TO THE CARPENTER'S BROTHERS AND MINE

A Story by Alison Stuart

Morning in the city, the snapping of a rope, the collapse of a rickety scaffolding, the tearing of ancient bricks and woodwork from a condemned tenement house, and then sudden night to the two men who a few minutes before had gone up the ladder whistling to their work.

There was a whirl of dust and debris in the street, a shout, a rush of hurrying feet, and John Barton and Charlie Hansen lay side by side on the pavement. The work of extrication was quick and humane; the crowd did all they could. It was a pity, they said, such things should happen, but what could one expect? The contractor who had undertaken to demolish the building never used new material in his work if he could help it. The walls were old, the scaffolding was insecure, one of the treacherous ropes broke. You know the dreary sequel in such cases,—ambulance, emergency hospital, and, later in the day if one can be moved, "the city and county."

John Barton was a carpenter, Charlie Hansen a mason. When, the same evening, consciousness returned and memory began to revive, and they found themselves on adjoining beds in the City and County Hospital, they lay looking dreamily at each other, with a certain vague sense of pleasure in the recognition. Each felt it was like meeting an old friend in a strange and unknown land.

Hansen was the first to speak.

"Where's the water?" he asked, faintly, "I'm awful dry, mate."

"In the bottle," prompted Barton kindly, "on the locker there. See?"

Hansen reached out his hand and lifted the bottle with some difficulty. His back had been terribly bruised in his fall, and his face whitened with every movement.

"What's your name?" he asked his companion, feebly, putting the bottle down. "Where are you hurt?"

"Barton—John Barton. Inside, I guess. Feel all shaken up, and kinder light in the head."

"My name's Hansen—Charlie Hansen. Twisted back, and a new baby at home, and no grub. . . . O, Lord!"

Two nurses looked into the ward just then. The regular ward nurse was a very grand lady, with red hair and a haughty eye, and she wore her cap as if it was a coronet. The new inmates eyed her with considerable fear and trepidation.

"I'm afraid of that red-headed one," whispered Hansen. "My eye, ain't she lofty! In with the bosses, I reckon."

The nurse walked up the ward and looked at the two men, who received her inquiring glances with the expression of frightened lambs.

"We was just saying," said poor Barton, apologetically, "how werry comfor'ble we was here."

"Ah," said the nurse, looking gratified, "it's a fine place for men like you, ain't it? You ought to be thankful to come here. What would become of you, I'd like to know, if it wasn't for the city and county?"

"Yes'm," said Barton, politely. "Yes, indeed!"

The nurse went out of the ward again, and the two men, who had taken an unaccountable dislike to her, followed her with glances of incipient terror. It is a grewsome thought, as one tosses through the dark hours between midnight and morning, that this white-capped autocrat is the only human friend one has to watch with him beside the sliding gates of Hades.

Hansen began to move his head restlessly from side to side.

"Fever?" said Barton compassionately. "Poor bloke! I know; had it in Mexico once. Cur'us ain't it? I have no pain to speak of—just a kinder sinking away all the time, as if I was floating on the air like a bird. Werry cur'us. I think I can go to sleep."

"Could you put up a prayer first?" asked Hansen in a wistful whisper. "I don't know anything about the Almighty, except that He was always a good one to swear by . . . What'll my little chap do without his daddy? . . . Could you say 'Our Father 'chart in Heaven'?"

"I know 'Gentle Jesus,'" said Barton dreamily. "Lord! Such a snip of a bloke!—back east 'n Pennsylvania—'n such a little nightgown—'n mother holdin' my hands—'n the birds singin' outside——"

"Say it," commanded Hansen, "kinder quick."

The murmured words fell strangely on the silence of the dimly lighted ward:

"'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.'

"That's all I remember, Charlie. I guess it's enough to go to sleep on. I'm so tired! So long, lad."

A Frenchman on the bed next Barton's, tossing restlessly on the borders of delirium, heard the name of Jesus, and cried out angrily, "A bas Jesus! Vive la fraternite!"

Barton turned wearily on his pillow, and closed his eyes, and slept.

Except for a groan here and there from the patients, the ward was very still. A man in the garb of a carpenter passed the nurses' sanctum at the entrance to the ward, and looked in. The nurse had taken off her coronet and tossed it on a table, and she was rocking herself to and fro with gently undulating movements in a rocking-chair. She was reading "David Harum," and the giggles from the rocking-chair mingled with the muffled groans from the ward, and the result was a very singular and suggestive duet. The Carpenter listened, and frowned.

When Barton opened his eyes again, the Carpenter was sitting on the chair at the side of his bed, regarding him intently.

"Hullo, mate!" said Barton, cheerily. "You wouldn't believe how chipper I feel. Smashed up yesterday morning on my stomach, through a broken rope, and now I'd as lief get up and walk about the ward as lie here. The red-headed one was right—it is a fine place to come to when you're sick. Are you sick, too, mate?"

"No," said the Carpenter, with a singular smile, which seemed to light up every corner of the dim ward, it was so bright and winsome, "I am never sick. I came to see you, Barton."

"Now, that was real hearty and brotherly in you," said Barton, admiringly, "you're a credit to the trade, you are. Been long in the business?"

"A long time," said the Carpenter, smiling again. "The business has improved wonderfully since I was a little lad and played with the shavings and helped my folks in the old shop at home. I have adapted myself to many changes since then."

"An American?"

The Carpenter regarded his questioner with the same illuminating smile.

"An American? Yes," he said slowly, "a cosmopolitan—a citizen of many worlds."

Barton lay still and looked long and closely at his companion. The man was tall and straight, about his own height; his face was tanned, as if with exposure to wind and sun; his voice had a singular quality of intonation about it that charmed one like a song; his hands were the hands of a carpenter—strong, pliable, constructive. Taking him altogether, Barton found it very pleasant to lie and look at him.

"You somehow make a fellow feel as if he wanted to act square," Barton said at last. "I wish you and me could be chums always; I never had a chum like you, mate. I could be worth something yet, if I had a man like you to back me all the time."

"Chums always," echoed his visitor, with grave but encouraging emphasis. "That is what I have come for, Barton."

"What made you come now?" asked Barton curiously. "I don't need to be told you're not my sort, for all you act so handsome and friendly. Say, what brought you here, mate?"

"You called me," said the Carpenter quietly, "and I came."

"Called you?" repeated Barton in bewilderment.

"Think," prompted the Carpenter, smiling. "What did you say before you fell asleep?"

"Gentle Jesus," said Barton simply. "Well?"

"Well?"

"Well?" repeated Barton blankly, as if struggling hard with the utterance of some half-formed thought. "Are you Him?" Are you the Carpenter of Nazareth?"

"Of Nazareth, yes—of every foot of the broad earth whereon my brothers toil, and faint, and die!"

"Good God!" said the man slowly. "Am I dead?"

"It is all over, Barton, my good fellow, said the Carpenter soothingly. "There is nothing to be afraid of now. You are with me. Hold on to me, dear lad, till you get used to it. You are on the other side of death, and behold you are alive for evermore!"

Barton was on his feet at the side of the bed. A shout went through the silent ward, mighty with hope, yet tremulous with doubt. Another strong, ecstatic, and another. . . . He looked around the ward at last fearful lest its weary inmates should be disturbed, and those who slept awakened, and was surprised that no one moved, except poor Antoine, smiling as if the fringes of some fair vision had swept his dreams, and murmuring, "Vive la fraternite!"

"I saw the rope,'" said the Carpenter steadfastly, "O, my dear lad, we have been brothers all the time! I saw Mulligan start to go down, and you feared it wouldn't hold, and you heard a little chap in the street calling him 'Father! Father!' I went that way once for my Father's children, and I understood. Come into the garden and talk it over."

The Carpenter and Barton went down the ward together and passed the nurse's room on the way out. The nurse was drinking coffee, with a dozen or two photographs spread out before her, and she neither saw nor heard them.

The Carpenter opened the door of the corridor and led the way into the garden. It was an hour or two after midnight and the cool air swept across their faces and made little about their hair. The door of the morgue stood open, and for the second time the Carpenter's face was shadowed by a frown.

"I never thought," said Barton confusedly, "that you would look like a carpenter—now."

"You thought," said the Carpenter solemnly, "that I would carry a cross and wear a seamless robe? O, my dear lad, the Carpenter in me is as eternal as the Redeemer. That is where my brothers fail to understand me. I am forever trying to build up my kingdom on the earth; they are forever trying to pull it down. When your trades-unions and your labor organizations recognize and follow the Son of Man, they will rule the world—but not till then! When the workingman learns to be a co-worker with me in things spiritual, as well as temporal, he shall mould the clay of creation to his own ends, as I moulded it in Eden long ago; labor shall be as divine on earth as it is in heaven, and men shall learn the eternal law that the producers of the world are their kings, and not their slaves!"

The Speaker's eyes held Barton's with an irresistible spell, and in the glow upon his brow Barton discovered the kindling of many suns, the shared enthusiasm of a mighty brotherhood of men. He drew a long breath as he looked at him. This was the Carpenter of Nazareth, the embodiment of the Eternal Ideal in the hearts of men—a worker, and not a dreamer, a brother, and not a king!

One thought, and one alone, drew Barton back to earth.

"What—about—my sins?" he asked hesitatingly. "I wondered, and I wanted you always, but I never understood about—the cross. I always fell asleep before they got to sixthly. They said I would go to hell if I didn't understand. They told me in the meetin' house back east 'n Pennsylvania, and I never went no more, Rabbi, for I says to myself, 'It's only reasonable to conclude that the God what made so many fellows without brains like me might ha' made the way a bit plainer, so that His fools could find it.' Me and my old chums never went no more. I wish t'old parson had heard something about you. I do!"

"Ah, the theologians!" said the Carpenter. And the third frown darkened his brow, and he turned his head away, that the man beside him might not see the bitterness thereon. And it seemed to Barton then that a chill crept over the night, and that the wind which had just risen went moaning from flower to flower like a voice from worlds of woe. The Carpenter lifted his arms and stretched them out to the hospital, and then he turned towards the sleeping city.

"O, city of a myriad souls!" he cried, "how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

The dead-cart went by them with a corpse upon it—a fresh one, the red-headed nurse would have called it—and the Carpenter stopped the man in charge of the ghastly burden and drew back the sheet from its face.

"Barton," he said gently, laying his hand on the man's shoulder, "dear lad, look here! . . . He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!"

What happened Barton never knew, but the knowledge burned itself into him like living flame that but for the man beside him he would have been lying, voiceless, motionless, in that dead-cart, under the sheet. His body was there —the old scar under his left eye, the mole on his ear, the mark on his arm where the saw had caught his wrist, the tuft of red hair in his beard. . . .

The dead-cart went on, with its monotonous, grating sound. Barton stood looking after it, and then he looked up from it into the Carpenter's face, and held out his arms, great man as he was, to be gathered, like another John, to the Carpenter's bosom.

What the babe, lying on its mother's breast, understands of the fountain of life on whose holy tide it was borne to that dear resting-place, I do not know, but I am sure it understands more than we think. What the bigger baby lying in the Carpenter's arms was listening to then, I cannot tell you; I hope we shall all know some day. But by the time his scarred body had disappeared and the morgue door was shut, Barton had forgotten all about it.

When the dawn began to creep into the sky, Barton lifted his head from the Carpenter's shoulder, and looked back at the hospital. Its grey walls looked very bleak and cold in the pale light.

"I've got a chum in there," he said earnestly, " a Swede, I think. Twisted back and a new baby and no grub. Lord, come and see!"

"Charlie Hansen," said the Carpenter gravely, with a smile in his eyes that made one think of tears. "Charlie has been in a far country, John, but not so far but that he remembered at last my Father was his Father too. I am going back for him now. Stay here till I come."

When the Carpenter opened the door again that leads from the garden into the corridor, Barton gave another great shout of joy. He had never wanted to shout until he met the Carpenter.

And when the sun rose, the Carpenter and his brothers entered together upon that better morning which was prefigured in the ages long ago, when the stars sang together and the Sons of God shouted for joy. Afar off I heard the music of a great Te Deum, calling and answering from sphere to sphere. And, clear as a trumpet-call amid the thunders of Alpine passes, I heard Barton singing the glory of God in his own language as the archangels sing it in their's: "I would die for Him if I hadn't a-died already! Hooray, Hooray, Hooray!

A lark shot singing from its nest at the side of the morgue into the sunshine, and as Barton's voice soared further from the earth the lark's song followed it, and mingled its song with his outside the gates of heaven.

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PROOF OF PEACE PURPOSE

The Socialist Parties of the world have just held an International Conference at Basel for the purpose of protesting against the war in Europe. Delegates were there from many nations, including Austria and Bulgaria. The Socialists propose to hinder a general European war by every possible means, including national and international strikes.

Why do not the church people, who profess to stand for the Prince of Peace, meet and TAKE SUITABLE ACTION to prevent war? There are enough of them to do it, if they really want to—and dare.

An issue of the daily Socialist paper at Vienna, Austria, containing the call for peace adopted by the International Socialist Conference at Basel, with other matter concerning peace proposals, has been suppressed by the government.

Have you heard of any church papers, either in Europe or America, being suppressed for demanding peace and asking people to refuse to fight?

Who is it that really stands for Peace? "Think on these things."

But Christmas Charity can never cure the deep, deadly, world-wide, common disease of poverty. There must be a Christmas system of producing and distributing wealth. The competitive system is clearly anti-Christ. Socialism means "Good Will to Men" in government and industry. Study it out.

The old prayer, oft uttered in vain apparently, **which shall yet come true for all:** "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." May God bless you, everyone.

THE SHORT STORY

Most of us, perhaps all of us, must die before Socialism is established; and even then, for hundreds of years at least, death will be common to all. In the process of getting wisdom by experience, all men must suffer till they reach maturity, and all need the comfort of love and hope. "The Carpenter," presented on another page, is a sweet, fascinating, encouraging expression of a hope that is dearer than earth-life. The story will do you good, even though it is fiction rather than fact. How true it is we know not yet—but hope.

And what about the bereaved, impoverished widow and the new-born babe? Ah, we dare not leave all the work for one to do. Society must awake to its full duty, even if the tears of widows and the cries of helpless orphans are required for the arousement. No suffering is Wholly in vain where Love, Wisdom and Power rule.

The Christian Socialist Shall Not Perish

By HARVEY P. MOYER

"No, No, No, No!"

"The greatest Socialist paper—the grandest Christian paper must not die!"

"Here's our $1.00," "$2.00," "$5.00," "$10.00," "$20.00," "$200.00," etc., etc.

"No! Instead, we must push its circulation up to **half a million** the next five years, and compel the church to accept Socialism," says an enthusiastic Texas comrade and pledges his life and means to the advancement of Christian Socialist work.

"No, but we must make the great work of Christian Socialism a business proposition worth while," says one of our strong Kansas supporters and pledges his entire time to this work after January 1, showing both his faith and ability by securing pledges from two cities for 800 subscriptions to the **Christian Socialist.**

"All the self-sacrifice and heartache put into the **Christian Socialist** the last nine years shall not be in vain."

"By the grace of God, it shall not die!"

Such are the glorious answers coming in reply to my startling and vital question of a few weeks ago.

Such an outburst of appreciation, confidence, and promises of loving, helpful service from the comrades everywhere is an assurance that the **Christian Socialist** shall not perish, but continue to grow until its mission shall be fulfilled and the Christian people shall accept Socialism and unite in helping establish the Co-operative Commonwealth at the earliest possible day.

While the financial returns as yet are not sufficient to lift us out of present trouble, **the tide is turning,** and with this new inspiration and determination, we feel sure that the **Christian Socialist** will go forward to far greater heights and with even greater conquests than ever before.

And, now, Comrades, let us not slacken our efforts; but let us push this growing tide to its full flood and really do the great work we can and ought to do.

Now is the psychological moment. The great growth of the Socialist vote; jarring loose from old party prejudices of four million voters, the growing demand for practical social work in the churches—all prove that this is the greatest opportunity for our propaganda work.

Let us pledge ourselves to more consecrated, loyal and united effort than ever before.

Give us more and more readers to learn of Christian Socialism.

Give us more means to publish more Christian Socialist literature, pamphlets and books now waiting.

Help us put out the staff of lecturers and workers now ready, and we will soon reach the half million mark and our goal of universal love and prosperity will be attained speedily.

Let every man do his duty NOW.

At this Christmas time, let every one of our readers give a Christmas present worth while for time and eternity.

There is none of our comrade readers so poor but that he or she may give his friends and the **Christian Socialist** at least one of these great Christmas presents of the twelve Christmas combination book and subscription offers in this number of the **Christian Socialist.**

Hundreds, yea a thousand, could accept offer No. Twelve, and not only lead six friends each into the light, but realize the joy of being a partner—stockholder—in the great work of bringing prosperity and happiness to all the people.

Comrades, how many of you will give us such a Christmas present this week and help us carry out our Master's mission and bring real peace and good will into the world?

The more Christmas presents of this kind, and the sooner they come, the sooner may we all sing in real earnest, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace and good will to all men."

The Live Ones

You have helped very much and we thank every one of you sincerely and gratefully for your tokens of confidence and love. We are still struggling to meet the remaining obligations and are hoping many more will help very soon. Some recent letters have brought comfort and cheer.

* * *

Comerade Leissler of Texas responds again with $12.00 for another share of stock and sub cards. He says: "This is my second token of faith in the **Christian Socialist,** its editor and management, and the great cause."

* * *

"Find enclosed $10.00 to help on your paper. We cannot afford to have it die now."

* * *

Four Out of Five

Comrade White of Texas sent $2.40 for subs and thinks he can send us a number more soon. He writes: "I sent you a list of five last spring, all anti-Socialist and four of them voted the Socialist ticket." We are glad to hear such reports. It would be interesting to know just how many this paper has converted to Socialism.

* * *

Comrade Bodenhamer of Missouri renews and gives his testimony thus: "The **Christian Socialist** has done more to confirm my faith and hope in God and true Christianity than most anything else I have read."

* * *

From Women

Comrade Rose A. Belatti of Illinois sent five dollars for subs, books and a donation "to help you out in your present difficulties, with heartfelt wishes for the welfare of the **Christian Socialist.**"

* * *

Our dear Comrade Mrs. M. Kathryn Spiers donates one dollar to help, which, she says, "I hope, may be done by about 5,000 more and God bless you all and give you a Happy New Year."

* * *

Another loyal New York comrade and her good husband, who have helped us many times in the past, sent $20.00, but asked us not to publish their names. May they reap their reward in due season.

* * *

Miss Crawford of Alabama sent five dollars for some of our splendid specials to distribute to the Methodist Ministers' Conference. This comrade has but recently found the **Christian Socialist** and is now willing and eager to give her time and talents to the cause. May she soon find the work she can best do to help spread our great message.

* * *

Comrade Emma G. Kelsey of Texas sent $2.00 for subs, and Mrs. M. H. Davidson of Canada $1.00. She says: "May your paper never have to suspend."

* * *

A Long Felt Want Supplied

"A long felt want was satisfied when a friend handed me a couple of copies of the **Christian Socialist,** a paper of whose existence I had been ignorant. I shall pass on these copies in my possession."
—Gussie Gross, Illinois.

She sent five yearly subs. How many more there must be who would be eager for this paper if they only knew of its existence? Comrades, will you not let the people know about it? Scatter it everywhere.

* * *

Dear Mrs. E. H. Spelty of far off California, who is an invalid with a small income, writes: "It was with deep sorrow that I read your appeal. I have most always heeded your appeals. Many are more able than I am to give this lonely $1.00. But if 3,000 would send in the same, it would help you nicely."

* * *

Our splendid story writer, Comrade Benjamin Keech, sent $1.00 for Thanksgiving. We are exceedingly thankful that our paper has not been wrecked by the rocks and storms, but has its sails flying to the breezes and with the loyal comrades from all over our land rallying to it as never before it shall carry its great message to thousands who are yet in the darkness of capitalism and have not yet "seen the vision."

* * *

Comrade Dr. R. J. Smith, Missouri, sent two dollars for renewals. He says: "Your are doing a grand and noble work for humanity and I hope the people will stand by you and enable you to do still greater things. May God bless you is my prayer."

* * *

From An Agnostic

Comrade C. Sahlin of Minnesota writes with his renewal: "I am an agnostic and it makes me mad that there are so few **Christian Socialists** so that your splendid paper cannot be issued weekly."

* * *

Atty. J. D. Van Dyke of Minnesota sent $3.00 for specials. Comrades Charles Mills of Missouri and A. V. Stepp of Oklahoma also each sent three dollars for subs.

* * *

Comrade Fairland of Virginia sends five dollars with best wishes for the future. He says: "We are putting on the Lyceum course. I will tell everyone that the **Christian Socialist** is the best paper in the list."

* * *

Comrade C. L. Hess of Pennsylvania donates $3.00. He writes: "I am sorry I cannot make it as many hundreds. I think the **Christian Socialist** is the best Socialist paper I ever read. I hope it may live and continue the good work it has been doing for many years to come.

* * *

Comrade Royal F. King of Washington is paying four dollars each month, and he is anxious to see the **Christian Socialist** prosper.

* * *

Comrades Wm. W. Mutton of Michigan and E. H. Halgerson of South Dakota each sent five dollars.

* * *

The following comrades have sent from one to three dollars: L. G. Hershey, Pennsylvania; Jas. W. Whitaker, Kansas; A. L. McFarlane, Washington; M. M. McNeill, California; Frank W. Warthorst, California; E. S. Hoon, Virginia; E. W. Lloyd, Pennsylvania; Ole K. Engem, North Dakota; H. C. Adams, Utah; Edw. R. Rogers, Idaho; Fred W. Barber, Colorado; Mrs. Sarah A. Gilliam; J. W. Fogal, Ontario; Dr. R. F. McLarry, Texas; J. M. Hall, Oklahoma; Thos. Highley, Oklahoma; W. I. Humphrey, California; G. Krefft, California; J. J. McDonald, Oregon; Wm. L. G. Trapp, California; D. D. Davidson, Alberta, Canada; Geo. Laudenbach, Washington; W. E. Copeland, Texas.

For Young Crusaders

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers, 901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

HOW SHALL I KEEP MY CHRISTMAS?

Selected by Aunt Kathryn

"O, how shall I keep my Christmas?"
My heart whispered softly to me,
For I had been reading the story
Of the Lord's nativity;
And slowly and clearly before me
The words like pictures rise,
And the scenes appear in the beauty
Of the starry Syrian skies.

O, cradled He was in a manger!
For lowly and poor was He,
Whose throne is the splendor of heaven,
Whose power is infinity;
And He bore His cross to save us,
To save us from death and sin,
And He trod all alone the winepress,
To make us pure and clean.

In glory the hosts of angels
Came singing His song of praise,
And filling the heavens with music
In those wonderful old days;
Singing "Glory to God in the highest!"
And "Peace upon earth," and then
The mighty chorus of voices
Pealed forth, "Good will to men."

"O, how shall I keep my Christmas?"
As they keep it in heaven above;
O, keep it with peace and thanksgiving,
And kindliest deeds of love;
And share with the poor and needy
The joys which the Lord gives thee;
And thy heart shall keep with the angels
The Lord's nativity.

* * *

CHRISTMAS JOY

"The ultimate object of democracy is to increase the satisfaction and joy of life for the great mass of the people; to increase them absolutely and also relatively to the pains and sorrows."

What does that mean to **you**—you youngest crusader? Why, just that all government—all of it, mind you—is for the purpose of making us all happy! Don't you want to be happy? What a foolish question—of course you do! And you want everybody else to be happy too. So do I. So does everybody—if you ask them. There is no such thing as real life without Joy, Happiness, Delight, Pleasure, Satisfaction.

One of our Canadian comrades, W. H. Shier, of Toronto, who has recently gone into the other world, wrote of the right to live, and he meant just that—the right to be happy. And he well knew what was the greatest happiness of all—**working to increase the happiness of others.** It was such a great happiness to him that he was ready to give up every other one for that, counting not his own life dear if he only might help a little. And he wanted every one to be the judge of what should make his own happiness so long as it did not hinder any one else from doing the same. He was ready to fight for happiness for all—not to fight persons, but to fight the ignorance, the falsities, which keep people from seeing clearly what true happiness is. He was a real crusader.

Now that is just what I believe Jesus came into the world for over nineteen hundred and twelve years ago. He said He came that we "might have life"—eternal life, which He said was a living knowledge of the good and the true which carries with it all happiness, all joy, when it is made ruler over all our thoughts and loves. It is His loving spirit which from that day to this fills all who care greatly to increase the joy of the whole world. It is because He came and fought and overcame that any of us have the power to know and love the truth today. Did He not say, "I am the Truth," and declare it would make us free? Is not all true freedom given us by means of truth?

In Lawrence, Massachusetts, two men are in prison today, as I write, for serving the truth as they saw it. But they are still free to love and to serve all mankind—the only true freedom is still theirs, and no man can take it from them. The more they are wronged the greater will be their power to serve the world. (They have since been set free.—Ed.) Others are in other kinds of prisons, such as weak, crippled bodies, but they are still possessed of that highest freedom.

You, dear Young Crusader, no matter how poor, are still possessed of that true freedom—may enjoy that highest happiness, and this is the season of all seasons to remember this and to give heartfelt praise to Him who keeps you in freedom to love and serve the truth.

Why was the baby Jesus born in Bethlehem? The name means "The House of Bread." Was it not because He called Himself the Bread of Life—because He came that none might hunger and thirst any more, who would come to Him and keep His sayings? And we are only just learning that there will always be bread enough and to spare in His earthly as well as His heavenly mansions if we will only keep His commandments. It is because they have not been kept that any are hungry today, either for lack of food for the body or food for the mind.

The **Christian Socialist** Young Crusaders know that this paper is working to make this fact known—to show everybody who will read it that none need be hungry or cold if only Christians are true to the teachings of Jesus and put **the Golden Rule against the rule of gold.** If we cannot take to our Lord the literal gold, frankincense and myrrh given by the wise of old, we can show our love, faith and obedience which these represent by helping to bring this message of cheer to the world. Go out and get some subscribers to our paper, children, and learn the joy of effort in loving service. That will mean happiness—real, Christmas joy to you, to the editors and to all those who are served by being taught to know the truths of Socialism.—Aunt Kathryn.

* * *

THE GIFTS OF THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS

Selected by Aunt Kathryn

The little angels were gathering from far and near for they were to go down to earth again at Christmas time to carry their gifts of love and happiness from heaven to the children there.

There were many, many little angels, for one was sent to every single child with its precious gift They were joyous, happy angels, full of Christmas love.

Now the people who think that just to **receive things**—presents of playthings—can make people happy wouldn't care much for what the little angels would bring them—and that was the sad part, some of them would be disappointed and would have to come back with their gifts untouched.

Their gifts were gifts of Christmas love and happiness, and only loving generous children would care for them. Santa Claus' presents come just the same to greedy, selfish children as to loving generous ones, but the angels' gifts were different. . . . .

Once upon a time there were two cottages quite close together near the edge of a great forest. They belonged to two brothers who were wood cutters, each of them had a little son about twelve years old, one was called Bob and the other Sam.

Their fathers were poor, but the boys were happy always, working and playing about the house or in the woods when they were not in school.

They had the wood to gather for the fires, the broken branches which lay dead on the ground in the forest and they must have a big pile of it in the woodshed before the winter snows covered the ground.

Then each morning they must bring water from the spring into the kitchen, for their mothers depended upon them for all the water they used.

"Do you know that Christmas is almost here?" said Sam, "just two weeks from today! I wonder what we can do to celebrate?"

"My mother said we would have to make our own good time this year," said Bob, "for father had not made as much money as usual this year and she was afraid it would take it all to buy food and clothes this winter."

"My mother said that we would have a little to spend for Christmas," said Sam, "but she thought we would be happier if we spent it for something for those poor Nelson children who live under the hill, you know the rain spoiled all their garden last summer, and they will find hard work to get food enough to live on this winter. But I don't see how that could be half the fun of buying some things I want myself. How could it?"

"I am sure I don't see either," said Bob.

"Mother said you could have an inside happiness that was far ahead of any outside happinses one could have with things to play with," said Sam, "but I think I'll take my chances with a new sled, I'm tired of the old things we make for ourselves; I want a real store one. I don't really believe there is any sense in that idea about inside happiness. I don't believe"——

"What don't you believe?" said a little voice. "Don't you believe that others find their happiest kind of happiness in doing things for other people? You don't seem to know who is speaking," for the boys were looking all about them in a bewildered sort of way. "I am the chestnut tree just behind you. I for one spend all my time in growing big and strong and making the very best nuts I know how for the children and the squirrels, and myself I make as fine and strong as I can for men to use, for they will cut me down and use my wood for building their houses and we are always happy. We were told this is what the Lord made us for."

Then another little voice piped up—a sweet, merry little voice it was. "Do you little boys think that we brooks just play all day long because we are so gay? Why we are so busy we are on the run day and night. We give drink to all the many growing things along our banks. We turn the mill wheel, further down we join the big river and bear up the boats and at last we run into the great ocean and help float the big ocean steamers, and we are always happy, for we are told that this is what the Lord made us for."

These little voices set the boys thinking, and as they went home they saw their cows in the pasture. "Even the cows seem to live to give us milk, and they seem happy and contented," said Bob. "It is only we who want what we can't have and don't want to do things for other people, do you suppose?"

"There's the old horse; he works for us all the time," said Sam. "And do you know, I have just been thinking of father and mother, they seem to be working for the family from morning till night just the same sort of thing as all the rest and they seem happy too."

"Good night," said Bob as they parted, "we will have to think about this tomorrow."

The next day the boys could hardly wait to get out into the woods, they had so many plans to talk about. They had both decided to spend their small store of money—they had about one dollar apiece—to give the children under the hill a happy Christmas, and they had each thought of a hundred ways of spending it. They thought of playthings, they thought of candy. Then they remembered how cold the children were the first day the snow came and they thought of mittens and scarfs—or warm shoes.

"We could get a Christmas tree for them here out in the woods," said Sam.

"And we could pop a lot of corn to trim it with," said Bob. "I planted a whole row in my garden last summer, you know."

"And we have some nice bright crab apples which are still hard," said Sam, "and we can get any number of pine cones here in the forest. They will be lovely on the tree."

"Won't it be fun?"

The fathers and mothers were more than willing. Bob's mother said she would buy the things for the children the next time she went down to the store. Sam's mother said the boys might make some candy in her kitchen for the tree.

How busy the boys were; there was something to do for the tree almost every day.

They chose a lovely tree, the very first thing, and whenever they had a spare minute, they would go and stand before it and think how lovely it was and how grand it would look all trimmed on Christmas morning.

Some days before Christmas they made the candy, and popped the corn, and the next evening they strung the popped corn and did up the bundles. Bob's mother had bought a little toy for each of the children to add to the boys' presents, and it seemed as if the tree could hardly hold all the beautiful things.

On Christmas evening Mrs. Nelson put the children to bed very early and the boys brought down the tree. Mr. Nelson helped them set it up, and they ran home up the hill and brought down a clothes basket just heaping full of things for the tree. First they put on the cones and the apples and then the strings of popcorn. Then came the candy and bundles and toys, and you never saw a prettier tree!

It was after nine o'clock when they were through and just then came a knock at the kitchen door and in came the fathers and mothers of the boys, they were so interested to see the tree. They had never imagined it would be so beautiful. The children's mother and father had tears in their eyes when they said good night to the boys. They had been afraid there would be no Christmas at all for their children this year.

They all shouted "Merry Christmas" as they started home over the snow.

"My, this has been more fun than any number of sleds," the boys agreed.

The Christmas angels had brought their precious gifts to the boys, you see, and this was the happiest Christmas they had ever known.

* * *

WHERE IT IS ALWAYS CHRISTMASTIME

By S. E. Kiser, in Ladies' Home Journal.

I know a little girl who tries
  To pass her gladness all around;
She keeps a glad look in her eyes,
  Her laughter has a cheerful sound;
'Tis time to say good-bye to gloom
When she comes dancing through the room.
Without complaint she does her part
  In causing hate to disappear;
I fancy that in her glad heart
  It must be Christmas all the year.

I know a boy who does not try
  To cheat the boys with whom he plays;
When he is called he does not sigh,
  But always willingly obeys.
His limbs are strong, his eyes are bright,
He does not fear the dark at night,
  Nor mock the weak and poor, nor show
Contempt for those whose gifts are few;
  And so he makes it seem as though
'Twere Christmastime the whole year through.

Sunday School Lesson

DECEMBER 22. ISA. 9:1-7.

(Christmas Lesson.—Use the Americon Revised Version for this Lesson).

THE LIFE OF LOVE. Predicting the Bringing of	I. Light Out of Darkness.	1. After a long period of oppression. V. 1, Isa. 5:7-8, 20. 2. By means of a mixed, despised and unlettered people. V. 1, Matt. 4:12-16. Eph. 5:8-14.
	II. Joy Out of Sorrow.	1. By substituting an enlarged, exalted, unified and world-wide social life for the patriotism of little, ephemeral, warring kingdoms. V. 3. Ps. 145:13. Dan. 7:14, 2:44-45. 2. By participation in universal plenty as the result of Nature's bounty and man's achievement. V. 3.
	III. Freedom Out of Oppression.	1. By breaking the yoke as a sign of slavery for the individual. V. 4. 2. By breaking the staff as a sign of collective exploitation of organized society. V. 4. 3. By abolition of class legislation as represented by the rod of oppressors, typifying the use of penalties and punishments for the support of existing class governments. V. 4. Isa. 58:6. Isa. 61:1. Luke 4:18.
	IV. Peace Out of War.	1. By destruction of all armaments and all that reminds of war. V. 5. Micah 4:3. 2. By adoption of peaceful methods of administering government. V. 6. (Last clause).
	V. Government Out of Anarchy.	1. By developing, out of normal childhood, wonder, (imagination), wisdom, power, protection, and peace. V. 6. 2. By true religious zeal making justice and righteousness the pillars of state. V. 7.

Division I

1. The causes of the darkness mentioned in Verse 1 may be found by reading the references given from Isaiah. They were land monopoly and the moral perversion that goes with it; that calls bitter, sweet; light, darkness; and evil, good.

2. On account of this moral perversion and inversion of the educated, ruling classes, better conditions could come only through the despised, unlettered, mixed multitude; and the sarcastic inquiry concerning every forward movement in all the ages has been, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

Such start as the New Order got under the teaching and work of the Nazarene was made in "Galilee of the Gentiles," a land populated largely by an oppressed and disinherited people of mixed blood and mixed religion; and not in educated, aristocratic, orthodox Judea.

Division II

1. The multiplication of the nation in Verse 3 no doubt refers to the enlarged social ideal that is ultimately to include all nations in a universal brotherhood; as indicated by the references from the Psalms and Daniel which should be read in this connection.

2. The reference to "joy in harvest" may well typify universal plenty which nature will yield under the New Order; and the "dividing of the spoil" may typify man's achievement through invention and scientific contact with nature; which, instead of warfare, as in the Old Order, will be made the source of wealth under the New.

Division III

1. A small yoke was worn by compulsion in Isaiah's time as a badge of individual slavery; and as fraternal buttons and badges are worn now. Abolition of chattel slavery was the breaking of this yoke.

2. The "staff of the shoulder" was the stick placed upon the shoulders of two or more burden bearers, while the burden was hung between them. This fitly represents the collective slavery of the masses by means of unjust taxation and other oppressions practiced by governments. The breaking of this staff is the introduction of social and industrial Democracy; as indicated by the references cited as indicating the program of the New Order introduced by the Nazarene.

Division IV

1. The inconsistency of wealthy and middle class peace advocates, who either advocate or make no effective protest against the unprecedented increase of army and navy equipments in our time is here rebuked; for Verse 5, according to the Revised Version, gives us a striking picture of the destruction of all implements of war necessary for the extinction of the war spirit. It avails little for so-called Christian nations to talk of peace while they spend approximately seventy-five per cent of their national incomes for war expenditures, including pensions, army and navy support and increase of arma-

(Continued on page 7.)

THE CALL TO ARMS

By Chester Firkins

The bugle calls from fortress walls
  Where Danube's waters shine;
The banners fling their challenging
  From Volga to the Rhine.
Tiber and Thames their diadems
  Turn fretful toward Islam—
But, bloody though her waters glow,
  The Bosphorus lies calm.

From camp and coast the Teuton host
  Is summoned to prepare;
O'er hurried miles, in Cossack files,
  Comes, ravening, the Bear.
With bristling guns the war fleet runs
  From Budapest's gray piles—
While, stricken dread, yet respited,
  The Turk looks on—and smiles.

Ay, ride ye forth from West and North,
  Czar, Emperor and King!
Ay, nobly ride in battle pride
  And silent threatening.
In blood to sate the ancient hate
  And plunge a world in wars;
By brothers' death to give new breath
  To Moslem conquerors!

What boots your vow for friendship now—
  Your sacred pledge of peace,
When southward lies a golden prize
  Your coffers to increase?
The glutted boar still fights for more—
  Take lesson of the brute!
Ride on, ye kings! The clarion rings!—
  The smiling Turk is mute.

THE DEATH'S HEAD AT THE FEAST

By A. M. Alliton

She paid the landlord's monthly toll;
And tribute to kings of oil and coal;
She meekly paid for the gamble in wheat
And in scores of things to wear and eat.

She pinched and saved in various mood;
She counted the pennies and doled the food;
And when the week came to an end
Not much was left to save or spend.

When Christmas-time came 'round again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
With gifts and cheer to make some glad,
Besides a good conscience, little she had.

Her earnings had all taken wings
Through tribute to commercial kings;
To beasts more damnable than dumb,
That meant retrench for days to come!

The very bread her children ate;
The little meat upon the plate;
The oil in lamp, the coal in stove
Mute witness bore to the trade they drove.

She pinched and saved that she might live
And that these kings might have to give
Some thousands on a Christmas day,
And a million or two to lay away:

Or found a library or school
As monument of a misrule
That legalizes greed and fraud,
A system henchmen so applaud.

O gentle Christ, once here 'mong men,
Come walk and talk with us again,
As long ago by the Galilee shore,
That we may learn Thy truths once more!

Then o'er the world one rule will hold
The Golden Rule for rule of gold;
And something of the Christmas cheer
Fill home and heart through all the year.

(Continued from page 6.)

ments and oppose all propostions for disarmament.

2. Furthermore, the war spirit can never die while both government and industry are carried on strictly according to military instead of civic methods; which is the method of all but a few of the smaller and newer governments that are just beginning to learn the first notes of the pean of peace.

Division V

1. While Verse 6 is usually interpreted as a personal Messianic prediction, referring directly to the advent of Jesus, it may more properly be regarded as predicting the coming of the Christ spirit into the conduct of nations; and which can come only by developing out of the childhood of each generation the Christ characteristics, beginning with wonder or imagination, which is the source of all high ideals; and is now regarded by all advanced educators as the key faculty in all mental and spiritual development.

2. Verse 7 represents justice, which is the theoretic side of social truth, and righteousness, which is the practical side, as the pillars of the new universal state; and true religious zeal, which is but another name for the highest spiritual ideals, as the inspirational means by which these pillars of state may be placed as the foundation of the New Order, and protected and perpetuated as the everlasting Co-operative Commonwealth.

As a test of the advancement of the dominant elements of society and government at this Christmas tide of A. D., 1912, we cite the following incident:

At a small literary gathering at which Thomas Carlyle was present, a lady was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in their treatment of Jesus, and expressed regret that he had not appeared in our own time. "How delighted we should all be throw open our doors to him and listen to his divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?"

He replied with characteristic bluntness:

"No madam, I do not. I think that had he come fashionably dressed, with plenty of money and preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation on which would be written: 'To meet our Savior.' But if he had come denouncing the Pharisees and associating with the lower orders, you would have treated him much as the Jews did, and have cried out: 'Take him to Newgate and hang him.'"

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